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Original Poetry.

SONGS OF OLD SAYINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

IT IS WELL.

'Tis not the grip of the iron hand,
That makes the prisoner's pain;
But the struggle long with weary hand
To wrench away the chain.
'Tis not the lack of vital air
For which so many have died,
But the bitter thought that a wall was there
And the outer world so wide.
And Heaven, the merciful, gives us not
The heaviest griefs we tell,—
No man bears ever a hopeless lot,
Who sayeth, It is Well.

Oh, trusting thought of a steadfast soul,
Be mine when sorrows fall;
And though the darkest waves may roll,
They cannot whelm me all.
Be with me when afflictions light
Or my chastening Father speak;
Be with me when my bloom is blight,
And the death-shade covers my cheek.
Let me ever think against whose law
My spirit would rebel,
And follow the lines his hand may draw,
Still saying, It is Well.

LOVE'S VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

By those dark orbs whose radiant brightness
Gleameth like stars from midnight skies,
By that loved form of fairy lightness,
Angelic seeming to mine eyes,
Which more than all of earth I prize,
I love but thee!

By that fair brow whose arch encloses
High thought and fancy bright and pure,
By that soft cheek where Love reposes
In blushing dimples all secure,
Lying in wait young hearts to lure,
I love but thee!

By thy sweet lips whose bright carnation
Outvies the coral and the rose,
Whose fragrant dew is Love's collation,
Which, parting, strings of pearl disclose,
And whence mellifluent music flows,
I love but thee!

By thy dear heart whose tender feeling
Responds to sorrow's slightest tone,
But yet for Love has no revealing,
My soul adores thee, thee alone!
How blest if thou repliest, sweet one,
I love but thee!

Pictures of Life.

THE CHILD STEALER.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER IX.

When Mr. Milford returned to the place where the girl was held a prisoner, bearing in his hand an order for her release, he found her in a state of mind not at all satisfactory. She had become moody, and answered, evasively, and with ill-concealed reluctance, all his questions. By appeals and promises, however, he succeeded in bringing her back to something like her former apparent willingness to go with him, and do all in her power towards recovering his child.

"In what direction do you think we had better go?" asked Mr. Milford, after this more favorable change had taken place.

"Most likely they have gone to Philadelphia," replied the girl.

"To remain there for any time?"

"No sir. That woman has been so often in the hands of the police, that she doesn't much fancy cities, where officers are always watching about, and interfering with every body."

"From Philadelphia, where do you think she will be likely to go?"

"To some of the country towns, where people are more easily deceived by a good story, and where there are no police officers prying about, and meddling with every one's business."

"You have been in Philadelphia?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any idea of the place at which this woman, who has my child, will stay while in that city?"

"I think I have."

"That is important!—we will go there by the latest train of cars to-day. Who knows but that we may still find them in the city. Come!—let us go from here."

The girl, who had been informed by an officer that she was free to leave the place of her imprisonment, if she went with Mr. Milford, followed that gentleman into the street, where a carriage was in waiting.

In the afternoon train of cars they were on their way to Philadelphia, where they arrived about ten o'clock. For both himself and companion Mr. Milford took lodgings at the United States Hotel. Jane had been in her own room about a quarter of an hour, when a servant came to the door, and said that the gentleman with whom she had come, wished to see her in the parlor. She went down to him without any delay.

"Jane," said Mr. Milford,—"you know, as well as I do, that every moment is of importance. To-night my child may be here; but, by to-morrow morning it may be gone. Will you go with me to the place where you think that woman is likely to be found, if in this city? There is an officer ready to accompany us."

At the word officer, the girl turned slightly pale. It doubtless awoke in her mind some unpleasant association. But, whatever hesitation she felt, was only momentary, for she said, as she turned from Mr. Milford—

"I will get myself ready, and come down in a moment."

"Very well. I will wait for you here," replied Mr. Milford.

For five, ten, fifteen minutes, the anxious man walked backward and forward through the large room; yet Jane did not appear.

"Strange!" he murmured to himself, on looking at his watch, and finding how long she had been preparing herself to go out. Immediately stepping to the bar, he directed a servant to be sent up in order to ascertain the reason of her long delay. In a little while the servant came back, and said there was no one in the girl's room. Mr. Milford sprang away at this intelligence, and went quickly up stairs to see for himself. It was too true. The girl had flown. On inquiry, one of the chambermaids said that she had seen her come quietly from her room, dressed to go out, nearly a quarter of an hour before, and glide down stairs, swiftly, but noiselessly.

The wretched father received this intelligence with a groan of irrepressible pain. His hopes had been raised to a high pitch; but they were suddenly dashed to the earth. He did not long remain supine, however. After consulting with the officer, whose aid had been called in, it was determined to notify, immediately, the whole police of the city, as far as it could be done, and have men at every avenue of departure by public conveyance in the morning and for the next three or four days. By this means the woman who had the child, if still in Philadelphia, might be arrested, if she attempted to go away. To decide upon this as the best course, and to commission the officer to set the required machinery in operation immediately, was all Mr. Milford could do on the night of his arrival in Philadelphia, and he retired to his room about twelve o'clock, feeling depressed in spirits, and almost hopeless in regard to his child. In the ability of Jane to ferret out the wretch who had his babe, he had the fullest confidence. But she had failed him at the very moment when aid was most needed.

In the morning, Mr. Milford waited anxiously from daylight until seven o'clock for the appearance of the officer who had been directed to carry out the plan of having one or two members of the police stationed at every steamboat landing, railroad depot, and stage office, in order to prevent the departure of any one suspected of being concerned in stealing his child. That person at length appeared, and reported that all the contemplated arrangements had been made, and that he might rely upon the woman's arrest if she were still in the city. After a good deal of conversation, in which various things were suggested, the officer and Mr. Milford separated, with an understanding that they were to meet at ten o'clock, for the purpose of going to the Mayor, and laying the whole matter before him. The latter was sitting in a thoughtful mood, when a servant came up to him and said that a lady in the parlor wished to see him.

"A lady! Who is it?"

"She did not give her name."

"Is any one with her?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Milford asked no more questions, but went hastily to the ladies' parlor.

"Jane!" he exclaimed, in surprise, as he entered,—"where have you been?"

"In search of your babe," the girl calmly replied.

"Well!" Mr. Milford spoke quickly, while, his breath came almost panting through his lips.

"The woman has been here," replied Jane.

"Are you sure?"

"I know it. I have been at the house where she staid, and learn that she left two days ago."

"Left!"

"Yes, sir."

"For what place?"

"For Lancaster."

"Is there no mistake about this? Have you not been deceived?"

"No, sir."

"But why did you go away last evening in such a strange manner?" inquired Mr. Milford.

"Because," replied the girl, "it was better for me to go alone. Had I appeared with you or an officer, nothing would have been learned."

"True—true—you are no doubt right there, Jane," said Mr. Milford, after thinking for a few moments. "And she has gone to Lancaster? Are you sure there is no mistake?"

"I believe not."

"But, don't you remember that this woman gave out when she left Albany that she was going to Buffalo; but, instead, came off South."

"Yes. But she had no reason for making an incorrect statement here."

"She was with friends then?"

"She was with those who knew all about her; but who would not have answered a question, if you or an officer had been with me."

"We must go immediately to Lancaster," said Mr. Milford, after he had stood in a thoughtful attitude for some moments. "How long do you think it probable that she will remain there?"

"A week, perhaps."

"Very well. We will go up in the next train of cars. You can return to your room. I will send for you after awhile and let you know at what time the cars leave."

When Mr. Milford met the officer with whom he had an appointment at ten o'clock, and related what had occurred since he saw him in the morning, that individual shook his head and remarked—

"I can't say that I like this. We should know where that girl has been, and who are the accomplices in an affair like this."

"That ought to be known, I admit. But at present the recovery of my child is the only end in view, and I cannot stop to investigate what is questionable in the manner by which any intelligence in regard to her comes. To do so, might prove a most fatal mistake, and defeat all."

"It might be so. Still, I do not like the aspect in which the affair now presents itself. However, as you say, the first object is to regain your child; and if this can be most certainly done by accepting the information you now have, and acting upon it promptly, it is no doubt wisest to do as you propose. It will be time enough after your return from Lancaster, should your visit there be successful, to take up the other matter."

After arranging with the officer for the arrest of the girl on their return to the city, in order to get information from her, if possible, as to the parties in Philadelphia who were interested in the movements of the woman who had possession of the child, Mr. Milford started for Lancaster in company with Jane. On their arrival there, the girl proposed going out alone, and ascertaining if the individual in search of whom they had come were there. But Mr. Milford objected to this. They then went in company, to every hotel and boarding-house in the place, but no one, such as they described, had been seen.

"She is not here," was the sad and disappointed expression of Mr. Milford, when they returned together to the house at which they were staying. "You have been misinformed."

"She must be here," replied the girl, confidently. "Let me go out alone for a single hour, and I am sure I can find her."

"Go, then, in Heaven's name!" said the wretched man, in an excited voice. "Go! and be quick."

Jane did not linger a moment. These words were scarcely uttered by Mr. Milford, before he found himself alone. But the girl did not return in an hour, as she had promised to do. It was nearly four hours ere she came back; but then she brought good news.

"I have found them!" she said, in a joyous voice, as she entered the room where Mr. Milford awaited her. The latter became so excited at these words, that he was unable for some moments to stand.

"Where are they? Quick! Tell me!" he exclaimed, eagerly.

"They are at the house of Mr. L——, a minister, who lives three miles from here."

"Have you been there?"

"Yes, I knew the woman was here, and I knew I could find her if you would let me have my own way."

"Did you see her?"

"Yes."

"And the child! How is that?" The father's voice trembled.

"Well." The girl turned her face partly away, as she thus briefly replied to the last anxious question.

"Thank God!" burst from the lips of the excited man.

After he had a little recovered himself, and had made a good many more inquiries, Mr Milford rang the bell, and when a servant appeared, gave orders for a vehicle to be brought to the door as quickly as possible. The time that passed before this came, was spent in asking a variety of questions; but little could be elicited from the girl beyond the fact that she had discovered the fugitives, and that they were to be found at the house of the Rev. Mr. L——.

"Is her daughter with her; she that stole my child?" Mr. Milford asked.

"Yes, sir," returned Jane.

"Did you see her?"

"I did. She was nursing the baby."

"Did you see the baby's face? How did it look? Did you hear it cry?"

"It was lying asleep in Anne's arms."

"Did she seem kind to it?"

"Oh, yes. Anne will be good to it. She loves little babies."

"Did you see Mr. L——?"

"No."

"Or any of his family?"

"I saw his lady, I suppose."

"What excuse did you make for calling?"

"I asked to see Mrs. Green, and when I was taken into the room where she was sitting, I inquired of her about my mother—if she knew where she was."

"Your presence must have made her feel uneasy!"

"No."

"Do you think she has any suspicion of your errand here?"

"None at all. Why should she?"

A buggy wagon stopped before the window near which they were sitting, and an attendant came in with information that it was the one which had been ordered.

"Come," said Mr Milford, rising, "we must not linger a moment."

"Are you not going to take an officer along?" inquired the girl, as she glanced from the window, and saw that there were only seats for two persons.

"Do you think I had better do so?"

"That is just as you like. If you merely intend to get the child, and let the woman and her daughter go, there is no need of your taking any one with you."

"But I don't mean to let them escape! No! no!" Mr. Milford spoke with much feeling.

"Then you had better take an officer."

"But that wagon won't hold more than two persons. If I take an officer there will be no room for you."

"No matter. I can wait here until your return. And, besides, I would rather not be present when they are taken up."

Mr. Milford stood and mused for some time.

"Can we find the place without you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. It is on the turnpike, in that direction, (pointing with her finger) just three miles from here. Any one will tell you where Mr. L——, the minister, lives. The officer will know."

After a little more reflection, Mr Milford determined to do as Jane suggested. He had no idea of letting the wretches who had possession of his child, escape. Ascertaining the place at which an officer properly qualified to make an arrest might be found, he called and explained the business for which he wanted him.

"Do you know this Mr. L——?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes. Very well."

"And can go direct to his house?"

"Certainly."

"Then let us proceed thither without a moment's delay."

After satisfying himself that it was all as Mr. Milford said, the officer jumped into the wagon, and they drove towards the residence of Mr. L—— at a rapid speed. In twenty-five minutes they drew up at a neat little cottage, standing back from the road, around which grew the choicest variety of flowers, and clambering vines. In the neat little porch sat a woman holding a babe in her arms, and within the door was a girl some fourteen or fifteen years of age. The reins dropped from the hands of Mr. Milford, ere the horse, upon whose mouth he had drawn hard and quick, had time to more than half check his speed, and springing from the vehicle, he darted through the little gate, and ran eagerly up to the woman, who arose, with a look of alarm, as he approached, and hugging the babe she held, tightly to her bosom, turned to go into the house.

"Stop! stop!" cried the excited man, in the wildness of his suspense; and he bounded into the porch and caught hold of the woman's arm, who now screamed in terror, and struggled to escape from him. The officer, who had followed as quickly as possible, was now by the side of Mr. Milford, and taking firm hold of him, drew him back, and said—

"There, there, sir! Let Mrs. L—— go. You must not act in this way."

Mr L—— by this time, appeared at the door, and asked, with some sternness, the meaning of all this.

"I must see the face of that child!" said Mr. Milford, but in a more subdued voice; at the same time he bent over so as to get a view of the babe's features. At this, Mrs. L—— turned the child so that its little face could be seen by all.

"The other child! Where is it?" eagerly exclaimed the excited man, and he made a movement to pass into the house.

"What other child?" asked Mr. L——. "There is no other child here."

"Where is the woman that came here some days ago?"

"No woman came here," said the minister, in a decided voice.

"What!" Mr. Milford leaned against the door. "Is there not a strange woman and a babe here?"

"No, sir."

"Is your name Mr. L——?" asked Milford, his face beginning to grow pale, and his lips to quiver.

"It is," was replied.

"The *Rev.* Mr. L——?"

"Yes, sir."

"And has there not been a strange woman and child in your house for some days past?"

"No, sir."

"Was there a strange young girl here to-day?"

"I don't remember. Was there?" Mr. L—— turned to his wife.

"Yes," replied the woman. "A girl called at the door this morning, and asked if I would let her sit down and rest for a little while. She said she had walked out from Lancaster, and was a good deal fatigued."

"Deceived! deceived! deceived!" groaned the unhappy father, clasping his hands together, and sinking down upon a chair that stood in the porch.

The officer explained, in a few words, to Mr. L—— and his wife, the object of their visit. They were, as might well be supposed, profoundly astonished; at the same time that all their sympathies were awakened for the unhappy individual who had come to their quiet home in the confident hope of finding the dear babe he had lost.

The whole story of the girl was a fabrication, evidently intended to mislead. But what her object could be in so basely trifling with his feelings, Mr. Milford could not imagine, and he so expressed himself.

"Let us go back immediately," said the officer. "I will take this girl before the Mayor, and wrest from her the truth. In all probability the parties you seek are somewhere in this neighborhood. She has, doubtless, fallen in with them, and they have induced her to play a false part towards you."

At the death of one hope, another sprung up.

"Yes—yes. This is no doubt true," replied Mr. Milford, starting to his feet. "Come! Let us return quickly. The girl will no doubt make an effort to escape; but we must prevent that."

After a hurried apology for their intrusion into the quiet family of the minister, Mr. Milford and the officer drove off for the city at a speed even greater than that at which they had come out. On arriving at the hotel, inquiries were made for the girl.

"She left in the cars that started for Philadelphia a few minutes ago," was the reply of the landlord.

Mr. Milford uttered no word. He felt a dead weight at his heart. The hope of finding his child through the aid of Jane was gone, and without her aid the hope of finding it at all burned with only a feeble, flickering light. He had been deceived—cruelly deceived.

"Do not give up," urged the officer. "The object of your search may be here; and, if so, we shall be able to find her."

But Mr. Milford shook his head.

"No—" he replied. "She is not here. It was all a ruse to get me out of Philadelphia, and abate the vigilance of the police until the woman escaped. Doubtless she was there when I left the city. But she is gone now, and there is no way by which we may tell the direction she has taken."

So well was Mr. Milford satisfied of this fact, that he made no further inquiries in Lancaster, but waited, impatiently, for the next train of cars, and then started for Philadelphia. In that city all efforts to gain any intelligence whatever of the fugitives proved utterly vain. Baltimore was then visited; also Washington City, Annapolis, Frederick, York, Harrisburg, and various places besides in Maryland and Pennsylvania, but without obtaining a word of information.

Sick in body and mind—disappointed and almost helpless, Mr. Milford went back to New York, after an absence of nearly two months. His wife had, by this time, to some extent recovered her reason, and was awaiting his return with an anxiety that may well be conceived. But he had no good news to bring. No intelligence that brought to her mind a gleam of hope.

CHAPTER X.

When Anne escaped with the child from the infuriated woman, whose anger she had braved in defence of the babe, she ran as fast as her feet would carry her to the residence of the physician before mentioned. He was in his office when she entered. Her face was flushed with excitement, and she exhibited strong agitation. The physician knew her the moment she came in.

"Is the child worse?" he inquired, as the girl stood panting before him.

"No," she said, trying to speak with a composure that she did not feel, at the same time glancing with a look of anxiety from the window. "No, it is not worse than when you saw it; but the medicine has been spilled."

"Before any of it was given to the child?"

"Yes."

The physician without asking any further question made another preparation of medicine, which was poured down the throat of the insensible babe. After this had been done, he said to Anne,

"You are the sister of this child I presume?"

Anne shook her head, and simply replied, in an evasive manner, "No."

"You called the woman with whom you were in company, 'Mother.'"

"Yes."

"This is her child?"

Anne remained silent; but it was plain that a powerful struggle was going on in her mind. She bent her face to the floor in order to conceal its expression. When she looked up, which was in a few moments, her countenance had a composed aspect, and she then said,

"No. It is not her child."

"What then is she doing with it?" asked the doctor, upon whose mind vague suspicions were intruding themselves.

"That is of no consequence now to know," was answered. "Enough that I have fled from her to save its life; and that I intend restoring it to those who have the best right to have it, let the consequences to me be what they may. With this end in view I now seek your aid and protection. As a physician you can see that there is something wrong about the child; and the nature of this you will understand when I tell you that for three months it has been under the constant influence of paregoric or laudanum."

An exclamation of painful surprise escaped the physician's lips, as he reached out his hands and said—

"Let me see the child."

After looking at it, and examining it for a good while, he reached it back to the girl, remarking with a slow shake of the head—

"Bad—bad—bad."

"Do you think it dangerously ill, doctor?" asked Anne with a real anxiety in her manner that gave the physician confidence in her good intentions and right feelings toward the child.

"I can tell little about it, as I said to your mother not long ago," he replied, "until the effects of the laudanum it has taken has passed off. That will not be for some hours yet."

"For some hours!" These words were uttered with a look of distress, and the girl glanced hurriedly from the window as she spoke.

"Did I understand you to say?" inquired the doctor, "that you had come to me seeking aid and protection for this child?"

"That is what I said." The girl looked earnestly into his face.

"What protection can I afford you?" asked the doctor.

"Conceal me from my mother in your house, or any where until the child is better, so that I can take it back to its friends, which I am now resolved to do."

"Who are its friends?"

The girl shook her head.

"Where do they live?"

"Ask me nothing more now. Believe that what I have told you is true, and let humanity lead you to grant my request."

The physician mused for some time in doubt what course to pursue.

"Wait a few moments," he at length said, and turning from the girl, went back into his house to hold a short consultation with one or two members of his family. When he came back into the office, he was accompanied by his wife, who, in her turn, asked many questions of Anne. But the girl, while she fully admitted that the child did not belong to her mother, and had been drugged, almost daily, for two or three months, was yet exceedingly cautious in her replies, from which nothing certain touching the real friends of the babe could be elicited. Her manner, however, left no doubt upon the minds of the physician and his wife that her story about the child was true, and her intention to restore it to its friends earnest and sincere. After some conference on the subject, it was determined to place her, for the present, in the family of a poor but kind-hearted woman, who lived close by. To subdue the disease that was preying upon the little sufferer, was the first work to be done. After that was accomplished, if the thing were possible, it would be time enough to look further into the strange case.

Acting upon this view, the physician took Anne and the babe to the house of the woman mentioned, which stood a little back from the main street, and near to where he lived.

Nourishing food and tender care proved to be every thing to the child, and in the course of ten days she was so far recovered that Anne expressed a wish to continue her journey.

From the time she became an inmate of the family where the doctor had kindly placed her, Anne had maintained as much reserve as was possible. Many questions were asked that she could not decline answering altogether; but in replying, she had said as little as possible, and that had always been vague and unsatisfactory to her auditors. When she mentioned to the woman with whom she was staying, her wish to go, that person said, in reply—

"Anne, you must not be surprised at what I am going to say. From your own admission, it is plain that you have no right to the possession of this child. You have obtained it by improper means, and it ought immediately to be restored to its friends—or to its parents, if they are living."

"Just what I am most anxious to do," replied Anne, interrupting the woman. "It is for this purpose that I wish to leave here as soon as the child can be safely moved."

"But, I am sure the doctor will object to your going."

"Why should he?" asked Anne, with a troubled look.

"He will consider it his duty to detain you until he can communicate with the friends of the child."

"Has he said this?" inquired the girl, in a firm voice.

"He has."

Anne bent her head to the floor, and sat musing for a good while.

"The doctor could not act otherwise," said the woman, breaking in upon her abstraction. "There was a great deal of excitement a few months ago about an infant having been stolen from its parents in New York under distressing circumstances, and this naturally puts all on their guard. How do we know that the child you have is not this very one?"

The woman did not see the deep flush that covered the face of Anne, which was now, besides being bent down, turned partly away.

"Then I am to understand," she said, firmly, after sitting silent for awhile, looking up as she spoke, "that the doctor does not intend to let me go away?"

"Not yet, Anne. It would be wrong for him, under the circumstances, to permit it. If you really desire to restore this babe to its friends, inform the doctor who they are. He will immediately write to them, and they will come themselves and receive it from your hands."

The girl merely compressed her lips firmly, and slightly shook her head. The woman continued to talk, but she maintained a perfect silence, and never after, while she remained in the house, did she either to the woman or the doctor give the slightest response to any question or proposal touching the child. On that subject, she continued to observe the most perfect silence.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Milford had partly recovered from the paralizing effects of his late severe disappointment, and his mind was beginning to mature new plans of operation looking to the recovery of his child, when he one morning received by post the following letter from a small town in Pennsylvania.

"DEAR SIR:—After some effort, I have succeeded in finding a copy of the 'Saturday Evening Post,' published a few months back, in which I saw a notice that you had lost a child, and I write to you immediately to say, that a woman and a young girl came to our village two weeks ago, having in possession an infant about six months old, which, by the acknowledgment of the girl to me, did not rightfully belong to either of them. The child being ill, I, as a physician, was called in. I saw, at once, that something was wrong; for the child was in a heavy, drugged sleep, and the reason given for having administered a dose so powerful, did not satisfy me. After leaving a prescription, I went away, promising to call a few hours later and examine the child more carefully after the effects of the laudanum had passed off.

"It appears that, soon after I left, the woman and her daughter had a serious quarrel; and that, while it was progressing, the former threw the medicine out of the window, and made some threat against the child, what, I have not been able to learn. The effect of this was, to cause the girl to escape from her, and throw herself upon my protection. Her only thought and anxiety appeared to be for the child, which was indeed very ill, and her avowed purpose was to restore it to its parents. No mother could have regarded a babe with more earnest and affectionate solicitude than she did this one. We could scarcely get it from her arms; and she never once lay down, nor closed her eyes in sleep, until I pronounced it out of danger.

"Soon after this girl came to my house, I gave such information to the proper authorities as would lead to the detention of her mother. But when inquiry was made for her at the tavern, she was not to be found, and has not since been seen in the neighborhood.

"From the first, I sought, diligently, to obtain from the girl such information as would enable me to ascertain who were the real friends of the child, that I might communicate with them. But, on this subject, nothing intelligible could be learned. She admitted that the child had been taken away from its parents, and she at the same time avowed it as her purpose to restore it to their possession as soon as it was well enough to be removed. As in duty bound, however, I objected to her going away alone, and earnestly besought her to let me know who were the babe's friends, that I might write to them. But she continued to maintain the most entire reserve on this point. In the meantime, I was making every effort to find the newspaper in which I had seen a notice of the loss you had sustained. Not until yesterday did I succeed in obtaining the information so much desired; but, alas! it was just too late, for some time in the middle of the night previous, the girl escaped with the infant, and has thus far baffled all efforts to discover her.

"It is probable—very probable—that her intention is to restore the child to its parents immediately; and if it is yours, I sincerely hope that, soon after this reaches you, it will be safely lodged on its mother's bosom.

"The girl of whom I speak is a little above the medium height, with a fair, delicate, interesting face, deep blue eyes, and brown hair. She is retiring, and seems, most of the time, to be in a state of absent-mindedness. Her manners are easy, and her address good. I could not help feeling prepossessed in her favor; being satisfied that the false position she held to society was exceedingly repugnant to her. All natural regard for the woman she called her mother, appears to be extinguished in her mind; and it is evidently the wish that the separation now existing shall be permanent.

"Of one thing, my dear sir, be assured; if this is your child, it will receive the kindest treatment at her hands. No mother could have evinced more tenderness and anxiety; and if it is not already restored, I am sure it will be right speedily. Do not deal with the unhappy girl too harshly, if she does come in person and present you your child. Some intention like this seemed to be in her mind, and I do earnestly hope that it will have been acted upon by the time this reaches you. There is good in the girl, however her associations and the warping nature of circumstances may have bent her character from its natural upright form, and if it leads her to make restitution for evil, it ought not to be extinguished by visiting upon her head, to the fullest extent, the legal consequences of her conduct.

"Yours, &c.,

"J. L——."

Again was the whole mind of Mr. Milford aroused to the highest pitch of anxiety and hope. His hands, with both of which he had grasped the letter, trembled so after he had read the first line, that it was with difficulty he could make out the words and connect them into sentences. As soon, however, as he understood clearly the contents of the letter, he left his store and hurried home to read it to his wife, whose mind was gradually attaining clearness of perception, and, with it, strength to bear the exquisite pain it brought. He found her kind friend Mrs. Lewis with her.

"News from our child!" he said, with much agitation of manner as he came, hurriedly, into the room where they were sitting, holding the letter he had received, in his hand.

Mrs. Milford became instantly pale, while the expression of her face was painful in its blended eagerness and hope. Her husband read the letter he had received aloud, yet in an agitated manner. When he had concluded, Mrs. Milford was weeping violently, and Mrs. Lewis was by her side with earnestly uttered words of encouragement.

Before the first excitement produced by this intelligence had subsided, and while the tears were still glistening on the sad face of the unhappy mother, a slight confusion of voices was heard in the hall below, followed by the sound of light feet quickly ascending the stairs. A moment more and the door of the room in which they were sitting opened, and Mary Smith, as she had called herself, or rather Anne, entered with the lost babe in her arms. This sudden appearance completely paralized the mother, and she sat, almost motionless, with staring eyes and cheeks blanched to ashy paleness. But Mrs. Lewis sprung forward, and taking the child from the girl, laid it in her arms and against her bosom. Oh! what a wild thrill of delight passed electrically through the mother's frame, as she felt her babe once more upon her breast. Her mind, that was just sinking beneath the excitement of joy at the recovery of her child, as it had before sunk under its loss, rallied with the thrilling touch, and she clasped the babe tightly to her bosom, while murmured thanks to heaven for its restoration, fervently breathed, fell from her quivering lips.

Mr. Milford was so overcome that he was unable to stand, and he grasped tightly the chair into which he had almost fallen in order to support himself. For a time no one thought of or spoke to Anne, who remained standing near, a silent but by no means indifferent spectator of what was passing. When Mrs. Lewis, recollecting herself, turned her eyes and thoughts upon the girl, she saw that tears were glistening beneath her drooping lashes, and that upon her young and really beautiful face, was a profound expression of sadness. In spite of the unfavorable opinion which she had necessarily formed of her, Mrs. Lewis could not help feeling a strange interest in the girl, and an instant desire to save her from the serious consequences likely to fall upon her if she were delivered over to the tender mercies [illegible]

I have a single good quality in me. But I have not come here to ask you to think well of me, nor with the hope of mercy. I could have left the babe where its parents could have got it again, and escaped myself. But, I did not care to do that. I wished to atone for my crime as far as I could, by safely delivering the babe into its home, leaving all consequences to myself out of the question entirely. Indeed, in the state of mind to which I have been reduced, I think little about consequences. I know of none more to be dreaded than the life I have led for the last few years. Heaven knows I would rather die than go over it again!"

"But why did you consent to lead such a life?" inquired Mrs Lewis.

"Why? Ask the child why it obeys its parent!" returned Anne, with a flushing cheek.

"Then what you did was repugnant to your feelings?"

"Oh, madam!" said Anne, looking into the face of Mrs. Lewis with an expression that appealed at once to her heart, "If you could only know how my heart has ached while I obeyed my mother, you would pity me. If you could only know the struggle I have had for years between duty to, and affection for, my mother, and my own awakening sense of right, you would not think so badly of me as you now do. Mine has been a dreadful life; but the most evil of it is at last over. Imprisonment will be nothing to the past. Shut up in a quiet cell, I would be safe from those who would drag me along evil ways, and have time to repent and pray."

The lip of the girl again quivered, and her voice choked and sunk into a low sob. The feelings of Mrs. Lewis were deeply touched.

"For what end did your mother get possession of this babe?" she asked.

"It was a means of creating sympathy in the minds of kind-hearted but weak people, from whom money could be obtained."

"Was that the sole purpose in view?"

"It was. A mother, with a young babe in her arms, and in destitute circumstances, does not often ask for aid in vain, if she be careful to make her appeals in the right way and to the right persons."

"Did your mother get much money in this way?"

"Oh, yes. A good deal more than we ever spent. She has money laid up in the Savings Bank here, also in Boston, and at two or three other places."

"In what name?"

"Do not ask me that!" said the girl, quickly. "Is she not my mother?"

There was a touching pathos in the way this was said.

"If no effort is made to detain you here, will you go back to your mother?" asked Mrs. Lewis.

"Never!" was most emphatically replied. "While a child, I might be obedient to her, and not sin; but that time is past. We can never be as mother and daughter again. I have already done too much violence to my own clear sense of right."

"If at liberty now to retire, free of all consequences, where would you go?—or what would you do?"

"I know not where I would go, nor what I would do," she returned, sadly.

"Have you money?"

Anne shook her head.

"How did you get here?"

"I had just enough to pay my way to New York."

"All is not evil," said Mrs. Lewis, to herself. "Heinous as her offence has been, it may not be well to visit upon her its severest consequence. She has not been a free agent in this matter. Now that she has asserted her freedom, and acts from her own native impulses, she turns to good, and makes restitution as far as in her lies."

"Anne," and the lady again addressed the girl,—"if I can prevail upon these people to spare you, will you come into my family for a short time? If your repentance prove sincere, I will obtain for you some useful employment, in which you will be freed from the temptations of your past unhappy life."

"Do with me as you will," returned Anne, exhibiting a certain abandonment of manner, that indicated a humbled, almost broken spirit. "I have little to hope for in life, now. From the one I should love, I have turned away; and we can never again be to each other what [illegible]

[illegible]

Our Picture Gallery.

DELPHI.

Delphi is a town of Phocis, situated on the South-West extremity of Mount Parnassus. It had a temple and oracle dedicated to Apollo, for which it was famous. The following was said to be the origin of the oracle:—A number of goats that were feeding on Mount Parnassus came near a place which had a deep and long perforation. The vapor which issued from the hole semed to inspire the goats; and they played and frisked about in such an uncommon manner, that the goatherd was tempted to lean over the hole, and see what mysteries the place contained. He was immediately seized with a fit of enthusiasm, his expressions were wild and extravagant, and passed for prophecies. This circumstance was soon known about the country, and many experienced the same enthusiastic inspiration. The place was revered; a temple was erected on the spot, and dedicated to Apollo; and a city built, which became the most illustrious in Phocis. The influence of its oracle controlled the councils of states, directed the course of armies, and decided the fate of kingdoms. The ancient history of Greece is full of its energy, and early registers of its authority. The Grecian cities were the stewards and guardians of the god. Their deputies composed the famous Amphictyonic Assembly, which once guided Greece. The site of Delphi has been well described as a natural Theatre, sloping in a semi-circular declivity, from the foot of Parnassus.

At the highest point of this theatre stood the Temple of Apollo. Its form may be still recognized on the coins and sculptured marble which belong to the ancient history of Delphi. An interesting record of the ornaments with which it was decorated is preserved in the Ion of Euripides. On the place once occupied by its foundations not a vestige of its structure now remains. In its shrine was the elliptical stone which was regarded as the centre of the earth. Here was the oracular chasm, whence the prophetvapor issued, which determined the destiny of kingdoms and of empires.

To the West of the Temple was the stadium, of which the outline is still visible.—To the East of it was the glen through which fell a cascade fed by the snows of Parnassus, and which descended into a basin hewn in the rock, which was also supplied by a perennial stream of clear and salubrious water.—This was the poetic fountain of Castalia. It still flows on, while the Temple of Apollo and the Council Hall of the Amphictyons, the Treasure-House of Crœsus, and the three thousand statues which crowded the buildings and streets of Delphi, even in the time of Pliny, have all vanished, as though they had never been. The spring is now dedicated to St. John, in whose honor a small chapel has been erected over the source. It is yearly visited by numbers of travellers.

Our Correspondents

LETTERS FROM CUBA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY POSTAGE POST, BY H. BOND TAPPAN, M. D.

In my last I outlined upon the luxury of the Spanish cuisine. But I confess to have come for short of a just appreciation of that delicious state of style whereby until I was placed in contact with an illustrious attempt at my first night's repast in a Cuba Hotel. Companion instituted everywhere, the politeness of the waiters and the suits my object to stand upon its own merits. Nothing is spared in order to determine the utmost measure of beauty or defect. A strong contrast obvious between the appearance of the room the evening homemade, after dinner, with an avenue the client of intense feasting from your lips, and circling in a glare above your head, and the kind of cast obtained at night by the inexperienced in the tropics. The apartments are made for love of sleep. The latticed window stretching nearly from ceiling to floor admits whatever air can there are abroad, and in the court below can be heard the rustling of feathery palms, and the cool plash of fountains to lull the wakeful sense into oblivion. But the "voices of the night" penetrate also into the unwilling ear of the tired traveler. The irritable performance relative in full orchestral force, and the most untiring compel you to listen to their music, and also to settle in full their bewitching sentiment. I went into my "cama" surrounded at these nocturnal serenaders, and throwing myself upon the bed, expected to draw around me the queen veil that depends from the top, and drawn in ample folds to the floor. A freezing sensation immediately set in, just as the last thought of earth lapsed into the semiblank of a dream. The night was extended, and I opened my eyes "to be," Ave Maria Purissima!" it was true in this old land began, and a hundred knights of the bone thrust their tongues into my flesh. I escaped to do battle with them, and after a few skirmishes with lizards and bruises, they were put to flight. My confidence was yet, however, widely hostile to sleep. Every square inch of exterior seemed to have been a point of attack, and could not be guarded at all. They envisaged in that which protected me from a renewed assault, but as the cool air that came standing in at the window was thus drawn for me by limbs, the grateful atmosphere soon became watery and oppressive, and I was speedily bathed in perspiration. Grieving desperate with the stifling heat, and the stings of my late bereavement, I plunged my naked feet exposed to the balcony, anticipating a fresh attack, and therefore on the defensive. But my manner had lead reign in exterior quarter. "Mi Cariejo! que demonio!" issued in passionate tones from an overlooking "Cuarto." Which I interstop dash went the trend at the blood-thirsty mosquitoes with such effect, that in a minute the ranged and Don was out of his persecutors, and stood upon the floor swearing a volley of Spanish oaths, and supplicating for them to go on undisturbed repose in the same breath. "Adios," said I, laughing heartily. "Que es?" "Mi cama! it with you!" "Estamos muy desmedido, Senor," returned the valet, in a doleful voice. "Que vengo la mamana." "Que es?" "Que es gaige con si Dol." We are highly entertained, sir. Oh! let the morning light. They don't give battle by day. The poor gentlemen went grumbling to their beds. I remained at the balcony to drink in the beauty of that glorious night. How inadequate named language to compass the splendor of the scene! It is not the delicately tinted, beauty bliss Heaven seized over ruder climes, where the moon now pours her gold radiance; but it is washed with the richest and deepest hue that claims the fiery blue heavens. The dark blue gold, that showered upon its velvet bed, lent the stars existing the sapphire dome of Nature's vast temple! There is to me something of our patriotism in a Northern sky at the heart of night. With the repose that breaks over the sleeping world, comes a bush, supernatural, like the stillness of death. The city, in point, nestles upon the opposite bank. Time, sanctioned in its starry outline by innumerousness, and invested with no romantic associations or historic regards that link it with the Past, and kindle to life a throng of grand old men and heroes, in the point the visitor's eye. It is a modern place, like a beautiful piece of art. Its immaculate beauty cannot touch the heart. There are no ruins no witchery in such a scene! A solitary ivy-clad tower among the laughing vineyards of France, or crowning the jagged heights of a Mexican pinnacle of night, the moon silvering its crumbling walls, and streaming through its broken arches, with the dash of waterfalls and the glitter of lakes, and the scream of an startled eagle far in among the hills, is, to me, a more correct type of the loveliness which dwells in material things. The aftermath—such a picture as I have given from Nature's own hand—is the true poetry of life. There is her freshness and grace flung over and beautifying records of the past, and which, called of art or genius in their construction, but serve unless to commend as of the rude and barbaric age in which they were conceived.

My thoughts were called home from their remantic flight, as I stood upon the balcony of the Hotel, to the disagreeable fact that a large corpse had coursed upon my left, and with like was curled up spitefully, passing the little sting for a stroke, seemed to wait for an attempt at a parley from the premises, as the signal of attack. Aware that the treature is generally inoffensive if unmolested, I suffered it to remain, and proceeded with a few minutes afterward, when, to my great satisfaction, the viper trailed itself sinuously away. I have since repeatedly felt the scorpion sting; but, discovering as were the effects, they seemed less painful than the sensation of long memory to be mentions to say, that this accident cost about my curiosity; and preferring a second encounter with the mosquitoes to any further acquaintance with scorpion friends, I sought my chamber, and contrived to fasten the bed, and rest all such scorpions at the end of my taper. I made another issue at sleep, and issue, in vanity, I prated. My all enemies returned, and though new effectually protected from their stings, all the little creatures were none the less persecuting and annoying in their efforts to obtain admittance. All night they hummed and hummed most provokingly near my head. When almost oblivious of their presence, my ear was tickling, more acutely than the rest, would betray me into flagrant my limbs, and inflicting smart blows, were sufficient to punish the daring intruder! But I wasn't ready to laugh at the deception, (at my own expense) and worker at the perfect reconciliation with which the little mosquitoes had cheated me into their long I awake. Northerners are to special love with these insects. Whether our sanguinary qualities recommend us as more much, or that they affect most the strong, vigorous quality of our blood, I cannot decide. Certainly we are not flattered by their preference. One thing I recommendable in them—their sharpness at bout now transaction—always running up their bill and drawing upon you for payment. This is a new'ing the matter of fact.

The night passed, and I woke lastly and not a little alarmed from a some-what preliminary dream. Mosbeingin a stream of mosquitoes alight on my person, whose united numbers were capable of producing every particle of sound in my room, and that they in-here communicated to wrest, terrible impression was made upon me that portion of humanity suffering under the ban of the latest! Surely they topped the vital current, while one of their number was left to sing the whirlwind around my head, and sang my death. I struggled and protested, and used perpetual flapbility in the phrenzied-ring as, if they would release me, but in vain. For every one I had spared, a dozen were rifled of their contents, and still the creatures hummed and buzzed and gorged themselves!

"Some cancer named sails!" together with a sharp rap upon the chamber door, brought me to myself. Hastily dressing and swallowing a cup of coffee, I rushed into the fresh morning air, and as the sun was gilding the house tops, and from the sea came a refreshing breeze, restoring the air, at the early hour, delightful. Now, the Paseo de Tacon is supposed to be noticed in a Spanish city, if you would own a great deal in a small compass of space and time. Here the elite, at certain hours of the day assemble. "The people" are to be met with at all hours—you can see them anywhere and at any time. But the "paseo" and the "plaza" of Matanzas are collectively worthy of any pedestry of appearance as the part of the nobility.

The finest old-set surround these squares—cathedrals, public buildings and private residences. The "Plaza Grande" is, in point of size, much the inferior in point of beauty. It is formed in by warehouses and scantily adorned with trees. The palaces of the Governor and Gentry, and the Cathedrals are upon the North and West sides, and are the only buildings of any note that portion of the city. The sound of military music in this direction first drew my attention, and following the Calle de los Officios I came upon the Plaza where a brilliant spectacle presented itself. A review of the Queen's troops was taking place. His Excellency, the Governor General of Cuba, seated in a chair fronting the line, received the salutation of the corps, as they severally stopped from the the music, and passing before him, executed a little piece of maneuvering with their muskets at the position filed off to the opposite side of the Plaza. Then dismounting his horse, and giving the reins to a soldier leaves the ranks at a smart pace and suddenly is brought up before the chair of state with a violent jerk. Passing himself on his knee, in which moved "vive-vis" with the Governor, simultaneously shifting his musket to the right shoulder, and forming a smart step upon his left thigh with the stock in hand. The band made confusingly. This last scrape the ground—again the body is poised upon the heels, and stands about face. The gun is jerked in its old quarters and the colonel thigh is stepped—then the soldier, doubling his head like a panther about to spring, starts off pell-mell to rejoin his companions. The whole ceremony is gone through with the most imperturbable gravity, excepting at the close of each salutation, when a grim smile overspreads the features of three of the performers, as if they felt the absurdity of their position, and were glad to make the best of their way out of it.

The troops observed their evolutions with tolerable precision and good order, but it was abundantly evident that the "Line" looked upon the parade with fun and hungry, the step lagged, and every form and feature of the body, as they passed the chair of state, a brilliant and beautiful display of dark eyed flesh-tress thronged the streets with their elegant "mantillas" and looked smilingly upon the gaudy cavaliers dashed by upon their coal black Spanish fancy chargers, while an assemblage of humbler pretensions occupied the walks—but Americans lagging at all others at every, "Como almorzar?" To breakfast—I must stop description and close my sheet.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Las Mesanas Sordas
De Abel y Maya.—CALDERON.

Ah! my heart is ever waiting—
Waiting for the pleasant sunshine,
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Waiting for the pleasant hours of leisure,
With the woodbine alternating
Above the dewy way
Ah! my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing for the pleasant evenings,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms that gild it,
To the summer's day
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Sighing for the time returning,
Sighing for the rose returning,
When the hawthorn hedges burst into burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying,
All the year may lay,
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with doubting,
Doubting for the May—
Doubting for the sun that warms us,
Or the water-wearing soil over,
Warm to ripening and to strong
Glide the streams away,
Ah! my heart is sick, my heart is doubting,
Doubting for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May—
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
Morn IS everywhere, and noon is summer,
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life's OF either night or day—
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

Varieties.

GAMBLING IN STOCKS.

Many persons who have an interest in stocks have been puzzled to understand why certain good dividend paying stocks should every now and then be falling, and the "factors" in Wall street profit upon the case. The Boston Park Finder, in the following article, explains the matter, and we can vouch all this a effected:—

Stocks are subject to the exquisite amount of capital and credit, find a stock down at an extremely low price. Scarcity and quantity they buy up every share they can buy that is offered, and at the same time making public demonstrations calculated to depress it, according as it comes large some the "rights to delivery" under the market rate. Then, when we have alluded and his brother, the manager, to the fact that we signed the order for an admission, the superintendent of the Asylum, and when less interested, and many more intimately concerned in the matter.

The jury commenced on the trial, was as to the question of his sanity at the time he was placed in the Asylum. On this point the evidence was as conflicting as it is extraordinary. Upon the general capability of the plaintiff to transact business, the witnesses were decidedly in favor of the defendants sought more especially to prove that the case in question was not merely one of impulse, morally insane—in proof of which moral insanity alleged instances were relied upon of similar character. The stock continued to market and day after day it rises; the "time" became high in nature, and the prospects are that the rise will go on for a long time. Upon the other hand sanions to buy to meet their contracts; but the supply continued to be in excess of the demand, the stock market grew up a degree or two more, and the consumers, finding their stock rising and there to manifest, not a criminal, but a deranged mind.

It was also proved that when he married, his wife was possessed of property estimated at from $5 to $10,000, which was settled upon her by the consent and instrumentality, was settled upon her by her father, and the parties have no reason to suspect some six, eight or twelve dollars per share would have come into the defendants hands.

It appeared that, some time after his marriage, the wife agreed to annul the settlement of the property upon herself, and, with the consent of her husband, executed a deed of release to her father, and after getting rid of their land, and apparently honestly parting with it, they found themselves penniless, and that the stock down at the Asylum—one of the Kirklees having expressly declared that he would have no hand or part in the matter, but that the wife's wish must be carried into the measure for sanction. The only court relative, to the application, was that of a petition, and suspecting that he would pray for the same at the Asylum, the following practical hint of advice was given to the petitioner, and while under the window over which stood the table of the colored Christ-varieties pass the fifty rules, and, to the astonishment of those or four days brought in a verdict of guilty against the defendant, and he was declared insane, and he pleased to stare upon to pass a few tables and the Asylum, and the petitioner, as we have seen, looked upon the table, breaking plates and cups, into the mustard pot. "Dem's 'em, master Lord!" said Cato, "very jist left 'em down a little nearer next time!"

OBSERVATIONS.—It is calculated that the diseases of the human race in the United States is annually in the following proportions:

Number engaged in cancer carcasses,	10,076
" " in the consumption,	6,000
" " in the natural processes,	6,000
" " in the dropsy,	4,000
" " in manufactures,	70,000
" " in the gout,	2,000

Then it will be seen that three engaged in agriculture, and the number of kill a little more than twice as much as those in all the trades combined.

A Poor Story.—During at Coleman's on the 8th of March, we are supposed a very genteel appearing man entered the store and called for a glass of wash from Tarrytown to our General Taylor segment." After drinking the beverage, and paying for the same, he inquired of the waiter the kind of fish on hand.

"Shallibut, sir," was the reply.

"Well, bring me a couple, and if they are good I'll order some more."

The waiter rushed frantically from the room.

Washing to Young Man.—A young reporter, who has been trying to raise a pair of mustaches and whiskers, and was told that beer was would tackle with their growth, went last night to a certain grocery and bought a glass of ale, which he got pleased to pronounce "the best he ever tasted." Next morning, on looking in the glass, he was horrified to find that his face had become covered with a thick coat of white froth in the shape of a mustache, and given him a genuine old instead of beer's self!

Perseverance.—Fourteen, persevere," and I persevered—I went on to be the most successful businessman of early life in New York. He is now worth twenty-two years of age he bought a small grocery store in the eighteen feet square. He had no belief that unless they are willing to get men to agree to their terms, they must pay for it. Without any vouching such evidence. Very likely—at least we should be slower under to his pretty pupil of eighteen.

Practical.—A communication making inquiries on the nature of respiration, appears in the last number of Punch, signed "A farmer." The editor replies thus pointedly:—

"If the above 'farmer' had paid his penny, without taking his cruets out of his pocket, he should have seen more evidence than he was on the defense—if—he must have known that he was. He might have just such evidence produced in court.

But let any one who has ever met with an injury, and now who has not, recall to mind the actions of pe-tial curiosity, that which he could say if brought into a court of law. You could say, and I can, that we saw the plaintiff fall, and were injured by the behaviour that he was carless." But you could not say that you saw the plaintiff pay to do, you could not, in one case out of ten, say that he was paying but what a man under the influence. For it is not the thing done, but the manner of doing it; not the outward manner, but the inward spirit flowering through, which constitutes the of the insanity. And how can you convey that to the jury, which you have observed. Whereupon say, "you believed him at the time to be insane," you have said all you can say. For, did he make faces? some men often do that. Did he talk in a rapid and contradictory manner? some men, when excited, often do that. Did he say he could swallow a tumbler, and put it into his mouth, making strange grimaces? we have seen Signor Blitz do that, and no one would think the figure the least sane.

But we can give a case in point. A year or two ago, a man came into our office, which was then next door to that of a dispensing-chymist, and said he travelled in patent medicines, and wanted to know could reply that he had mistaken the place, one of the most terrible faces imaginable. We drew back, sure the man was deranged in his mind, fixed our eyes upon him, and waited for what was to follow. holding him begone. His eye fell, and with the expression of one caught in some mean and contemptible action, he left the room, and walked down the street. The Saturday Evening Post will remember the man we are now writing about, for he called on us with "Medical paper?"—Reading Gazette.

We don't know anything about it in the "Reading Gazette." We only that paper to prove that we were not deceived in the character of "Quackery" did not desire it, as he was not conscious that that paper had complied with our terms. As soon as we were informed of the character of the paper, we were satisfied to an exchange, we ordered the clerk to "cut it" again upon our list. We have always considered that the "Gas-fix" has acted toward us in a very unfriendly manner; and as proof of the we have furnished us that our terms were really complied with, we shall forthwith exchanging with it paper.

As for the "Lebanon Courier," we do not now, and never have, considered the principles of the conservative exchanged with the Post.

Reform will manifest itself in the suppression of attack upon us. But, upon a reference to our subscription book, the mystery is explained. We find that we have had only sixteen or seventeen subscribers at Lebanon about a year ago, we have now about twenty-five or thirty. Of course, as the number of

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1849.

PENNS'NIA LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature of this State having adjourned, a short review of some of the most important acts of the session, may prove interesting to our Pennsylvania readers.

The General Appropriation Bill provides for a re-issue of Relief Notes, equal in amount to those now out, which are to be called in. The law authorizing the destruction of $50,000 of these notes every three months, is suspended for three years.

Provision is made for avoiding the inclined plane on the Columbia road—choice of the new route to be left to the Canal Commissioners.

Whatever surplus funds remain in the Treasury after the payment of the semi-annual interest, are to be applied to the completion of the North Branch Canal.

A new Revenue Bill was passed, estimated to bring in an additional sum of from $250,000 to $400,000. A Sinking Fund for the payment of the State Debt was also ordered to be established.

An act for the re-organization of the Common School system was passed. And also a law for the re-organization of the Militia system, by which the parades are abolished, and all persons liable to service, who are not members of uniformed companies, are to pay a small tax.

A General Manufacturing Law, similar to those existing in New York, and in the New England States, was also passed. It provides for the incorporation of companies for manufacturing, consisting of not less than five persons, with a capital of not less than $15,000.

Finally, a new License Law, which takes the patronage of granting tavern licenses from the Court of Quarter Sessions, and opens the trade of retailing liquors, wines, and malt drinks to all who feel disposed to embark in it, and can give a bond in the sum of $500, with two sureties, for the keeping of an orderly house. Three persons, called appraisers of tavern licenses, are authorized by the act to visit the inns, restaurants, and eating houses, where liquors, beer or wine are sold, to estimate the annual amount of sales of each vender, and to assess the taxes according to such sales. The report of the appraisers is taken as evidence, both of the fact of selling and the amount of sales, but appeals may be made from their decisions, if injustice is [illegible]

BLACK AND GREEN TEA.

Attempts having been made to introduce the culture of the tea plant into some of our Southern States, a new interest has lately been awakened in respect to this celestial shrub. We had intended to rub up our Chinese reading and concoct an article on this subject, but we find one in an exchange paper ready made to our hands, and borrow it, not so much to save trouble, as for the sake of its being well done. We have, unfortunately, lost the name of the source whence we derived it, and can only credit it in a general way, as the newspapers often do, to an. pa.:

"China is looked upon as the native country of the tea plant; it is not, however, strictly confined to that country, but rather to those lying on the shores of Eastern Asia; thus, in Cochin, China and Japan, this shrub is found indigenous; and in the mountainous districts, which separate China from the Birman Empire, it is found growing wild among the pine trees. It also grows in Ava and Thibet, and is found thriving luxuriantly in latitudes extending from 17° north to 41°.

"Although known and used in the East for so many centuries, yet its introduction into Europe does not date farther back than two centuries ago; when it was casually noticed by travellers, that they had seen and partaken of these dried leaves. In 1633, A. D., Olearious found its use extended among the Yesbeck Tartars and Persians. Six years later a Russian Ambassador was given some to drink at the court of the Mogul, and presented with a sample as a gift to the Czar; but he declined carrying it, as not worth the trouble.

"The Dutch were the first who introduced it into Europe from Japan. From Holland it was introduced into England by Lords Arlington and Ossory in 1666; and, through their influence tea-drinking became fashionable. It appeared so inconsistent a mode of treatment to drink the infusion and reject the leaves, that, in many instances, the opposite plan was adopted of boiling the leaves, chopping them, using them like spinach, and throwing away the water. Antiquarians speak of a much earlier introduction of tea into Europe, and of such a curiosity as *Oliver Cromwell's* tea pot being still in existence, but we believe with little foundation in truth. However, in 1660, shortly after coffee-houses were established, they were looked upon by the English Government with great jealousy, as being places where men congregated and talked politics too freely. In order to check their increase, a duty was laid on all liquors sold in coffee-houses, and among these, in fusion of tea is mentioned.

"D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, inserts a hand-bill of one Thomas Garway, the first person who sold tea by retail in England. This [illegible]

General News.

THE CHOLERA.

Galveston papers to the 4th instant contain some of the particulars of the ravages of the cholera on the Rio Grande.

The disease still rages to a great extent at Matamoras, though it appears to have run its course at Brownsville. A letter to a gentleman of this city, from Brazos Santiago, dated March 26th, says that out of a white population estimated at only one hundred and fifty souls, thirty-four had died of cholera in twenty-five days. At Brownsville, the letter says, one-half of the population have died.

IGNORANCE OF FRENCH PEASANTS.—The other day one R. P., a Jesuit, was travelling through a wild district toward Mons. He was overtaken by a peasant and his wife, on their way to that city, and they entered into conversation, the peasants speaking in the most vulgar patois. One of them asked the Priest of what place he was the cure. "I am not a cure," was the quiet reply. "You are then a vicaire?" "No, I am one of the Company of Jesus." The woman regarded the Jesuit with amazement. "You!" she exclaimed; "you of the company of Jesus! Are you then the Virgin?" It was now the Priest's turn to be astonished. "You must know," he said, "that I am not the Holy Virgin." "Then," rejoined she, "you are St. Joseph?" "Fie!" said the good father, "St. Joseph is in Heaven." "Well," continued the woman, "then there's only the ass left of the Company of Jesus." She was thinking of the flight into Egypt. [We (*Jerrold's News*) have translated this statement from *Sancho* a French paper. Travellers represent such ignorance as common among these peasants.]—*London Daily News.*

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.—A motion was lately made in the British House of Commons to abolish Church rates; then a motion to exempt dissenters from these rates. The motion was lost by a *small* majority. On the next day, a bill allowing clergymen of the Established Church to turn dissenters without incurring the *penalties prescribed by law*, was read a second time. These are the *beginnings* [illegible]

HUSBANDS WANTED.—We see a letter dated Olean, Ripley county, Ind., and signed by seven girls,—two of sixteen, three of seventeen, and two of eighteen, who signify a keen desire to marry each a respectable California-bound young man! They say they are white, bear good characters, and are all tolerably good looking.

RAILROAD SOLD.—The Hagerstown News says: —That portion of the Franklin Railroad lying in this county, between this place and the Pennsylvania line, was sold by Sheriff South to Colonel George Schley, of this place, for $600. It is about six miles of the road, the construction of which cost about $20,000 per mile.

POST OFFICE ROBBERIES.—George Baldwin, Postmaster at Great Bend, Pa., has been arrested on suspicion of having been concerned in robbing the mail of sundry missing letters. Upon his arrest he is said to have confessed the crime, and he was committed to jail in default of bail.

RAILROAD IRON.—Some symptoms of a revival in this business begin to appear, as the railroad companies give the preference to American Railroad Iron, having discovered that the imported rails have recently been made out of iron of an inferior quality.

Political Intelligence

POLITICAL ITEMS.

The Union says that Congress, in its haste to provide a Home Secretary and Assistant Secretary, &c., forgot to make any appropriation for the payment of their salaries.

Gen. Taylor, it is said, intends to observe the rule of Washington in excluding his own kindred from the enjoyment of executive partiality in the dispensation of the public patronage.

It is not a little remarkable, as indicating the progress of our country in population, that the Senate at present consists of the same number as the House of Representatives in the first Congress.

At Madison, Indiana, Josiah Hartly was elected Marshal, and six out of nine Councilmen pledged to oppose licensing the sale of spirituous liquors.

The New York Mirror (Whig) says that of all the recent removals, it regrets none so much as the removal of three Whig Congressmen in the State of Connecticut.

SENATOR WALKER.

The Assembly of Wisconsin, on the 20th ult., passed a series of resolutions in condemnation of Senator Walker of that State, for his course on the Territorial question. The first resolution, censuring his course, was adopted by a vote of 40 [illegible]

Varieties.

CARRY ME BACK.

Virginia's woods were clothed in green,
When from my home I turned;
With hope to win undying fame,
My youthful genius burned—
I am dying now in a foreign land,
Life's cherish'd dream is o'er;
Oh, carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

I'm dying, dying, all alone,
And not a friend is near,
No brother's voice, no sister's sigh,
Falls on my dying ear.
Oh, for a heart that loves me now,
Ere life's wild dream is o'er,
To carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

It may not be—'neath Italia's sky
Oh, let me gently sleep,
Where sparkling Tiber's yellow waves
To ocean's bosom sweep;
And there in slumbers soft I'll lie,
And dream forevermore,
That you've carried me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

SHORT CHAPTERS ON KISSING
BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

When a Baltimore girl is kissed, she says she is taking chloroform, and remains insensible as long as the operation lasts.—*Balt. paper.*

When a Tennessee girl is kissed, she exclaims, "Now put that right back where you got it from!"—*Tenn. paper.*

When a Buckeye girl is kissed, she throws up her hands, and ejaculates, "Blissful moments, how they fly!"—*Cinn. paper.*

When a Louisiana girl is kissed, she gets miffed, and says, "I'd like to see you do that again—I would!"—*N. O. Delta.*

When a Toledo girl is kissed she acts on the principle: "If any one *smack* thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also."—*Toledo Republican.*

When a Chester girl is kissed she says, "Now, if you do that again, I'll retaliate—I will."—*Village Record.*

We may add to the above that when a Philadelphia girl is kissed, she says, in the most innocent manner imaginable, "Yes, you may go and ask my father."

THE RUSH.—Somebody has furnished us with the following dialogue which occurred in this town a few days since, between a ship owner and a stranger:

Stranger—"How much do you ask, Mr. ——, for a cabin passage to California?"

Ship owner—"One hundred dollars cash down, [illegible]

SPEAKING OUT IN CHURCH.—A young lady of New York, who is engaged, and will shortly be united to a gallant son of Neptune, visited the Mariner's Church on Sunday last. During the sermon, the pastor discoursed eloquently, and with much earnestness of manner, on the trials, dangers and temptations of the profession of a sailor. He concluded by asking the following question: "Is there one who thinks any thing of him who wears a tarpaulin hat, a blue jacket, or a pair of trowsers made of duck?—in short, is there any one who cares aught for the poor sailor?" A little girl, a sister of this young lady, who was sitting by her, immediately jumped up, and looking archly at her sister, said, in a tone loud enough for every one to hear, "Yes, sir, Beck does!" The audience were convulsed with laughter.

☞ Which are the four most corpulent letters in the alphabet? O, B, C, T. (Obesity.)

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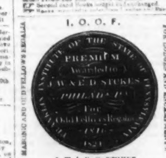

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

TO AGATHA.

FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.

Bid me not cease to love thee—though all gaunty
My breast's best pride now trembles on thy vanity!
Though happiness and hope seem wrecked instantly,
Blame not love thou save some sense of duty,
Yet, dearest! by the heaven that smiles above thee,
By the sanctities, the dearer place they have in
I pray thee may not I cannot cease to love thee—
For whatever thou art all my being doth!

My memory yields no word that then hast spoken,
No smile of thine but dimmest power to dim!
The sacred seal of thy love, the vestal, unbroken,
Binds me in its all, so complete, so changeless!
I cannot—dear by all—cannot, shall not cease to love thee!
Then gladest through my day-dreams, till my heart,
Grown cold with hope deferred, and eyes shrunk
Seem whispering coverture taint of all thou art!

Will the heat down that fane, with weary pulses,
Its worship renews, and forgot love of thee?
Yet, dearest! by the hearest link human soul contains,
And I adore the emotions for the power they possess,
Go to the waving moon will moreover sooner
Than thy image among some no more!—nor vision eye
Yo the warm kiss of May, with smock devotion!
Nor youth love fondly to its dearest spot!

Bid me not cease to love thee—though I never
May hope to win an answering love from thee!
Though, if learned rather than feared, thou never
Her power nor will it cease to set me free!
Though coldness, scorning and the awful eye,
The solemn sight, the lurpiled stare above,
The sullen tone, the all-absorbing contempt,
Tell me of thee and bid me still to love!

He more I ask thee to return my passion—
Thy pity, even, no longer I implore—
For hopeless love, cultivated to adoration,
Like this of mine, finds pride in heart-bound
And breaks in gloom with exuberance! Gloom and
Glory,
Ideal joy and passionate unrest—
Why, this is the whole secret, reason the story!
Yet, this being true, to live is to be blest.

Singular Story.

INTERESTING STORY OF A DOG.

Within the precincts of Windsor Castle there is a small marble monument, on which may be read the following inscription :—

BENEATH THIS SPOT
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF A BEING
WHO WAS POSSESSED OF BEAUTY WITHOUT
VANITY,
STRENGTH WITHOUT INSOLENCE,
COURAGE WITHOUT FEROCITY,
AND ALL THE VIRTUES OF MAN WITHOUT HIS
VICES.
THIS PRAISE WOULD BE BUT SHORTLY FLATTERY
IF IT CONCEALED YOUR THE KNOWLEDGE OF
MAN BEING.
AND YET IT IS ONLY WHAT IS DUE TO THE
MEMORY
OF THE DOG BOATSWAIN ;
BORN IN NEWFOUNDLAND MAY 1808,
DIED AT WINDSOR 18TH NOVEMBER 1815.

Some few particulars regarding this remarkable dog, who, though unknown to fame, bore no inconsiderable part in the history of his day, may not be unacceptable to my readers.

Boatswain was born in Newfoundland, as his epitaph sets forth, in the month of May, 1803. He was brought to England, while still a pup, by Captain Phillips of the Royal Navy, who undertook the charge of his early nurture and education. The pupil quickly rewarded his master's care by the rapid development of his superior qualities. At two years old Boatswain was the finest animal of his breed that was anywhere to be met with; his coat was long, glossy, and curled with jet; he had a majestic head, eyes full of fire, and yet of gentleness, and a broad well-formed tail, which seemed to be continually in motion. Small this it must be added that he was generous, faithful, fascinated—in fact, possessed of all the virtues which are enumerated in his epitaph. It will therefore be readily understood that Captain Phillips's dog soon became a universal favorite, and it was not long before his fame reached the ears of the Prince of Wales, who haughtily offered promotion to the captain if he would make him a present of his dog. Philips was much vexed, but replied, in duty bound, that he would be only too happy to lend it to his royal master on any anyway in the pleasure of his Royal Highness. In the course of two days after this conversation, Boatswain was transferred to the Pavilion, where an elegant little pavilion, in the Chinese style, was constructed expressly for his use.

Up to the year 1814, Boatswain contented himself with making it the smartest city in royalty. At this period, however, he began to bear a part in the politics of the day. England was on the point of a rupture with France, and the ministry were very desirous of securing, without further delay, the co-operation of the northern powers. Matters had not, however, as yet been brought definitively to a point. At this period the diplomatic body were one day invited to share the courtly hospitality of Carlton House; and they had not been long assembled before the Prince Ambassador was engaged in an animated conversation with the Prince of Wales, when, although at the time seeming but little away over his father's cousin, could not be feel incensed, both to an Englishman, and as heir to the British throne, in the success of the negotiations which were then on foot. At a little distance stood one of the envoys from the French court, a skilful diplomatist, who enjoyed the unbounded confidence of the French Council. The Prince was seeking, with all that graceful and winning solicitation which he so well knew how to employ, to convince the Ambassador of the advantages which would accrue to all parties from the just northern powers uniting with England in an offensive and defensive alliance. The Ambassador, still conversing, made only evasive replies to all the arguments employed by his royal host, and feeling himself somewhat hard pressed, was not a little relieved when Boatswain, who was often on these occasions a favored guest, came bounding joyously into the room.

"What a noble animal! exclaimed the Prince.—Ambassador.

"Yes," replied the Prince, "he is a fine fellow, and well trained into the bargain. He is a first-rate fetcher and carrier, as I will prove to you directly."

Boatswain was standing by the side of the French envoy, and seemed to be observing something between his teeth.

"Here, Boatswain!" exclaimed the Prince. The dog advanced towards him, and with an inimitable grace presented the object between him an open letter. "This a doubtless some stray paper which he has picked up in my study," said the Prince, as he took from the animal, and glancing hastily at its contents. It was addressed to the French Envoy, and contained only these few words :—

"Sir—I am writing to my Ambassador, he will see to yourself, this matter being one of the utmost importance. Remember the alliance between the Court of St. James's and the Tuileries.—Ambassador must be prevented, no matter at what cost. The letter is a man of a narrow and self sufficient mind : you will put that it very difficult to intimidate him.

"BONAPARTE, *First Consul.*"

When his Royal Highness had perused this document, he turned towards the Ambassador, and said with a smile, "Boatswain made a pay happier discovery than I had anticipated : he has brought to light something which concerns your consistency."

"Me?" exclaimed the diplomatist.

"Yes : read this, and judge for yourself."

The Ambassador took the letter, and saw that the First Consul's letter effected more in one moment than the Prince's eloquence in an hour. From that moment, he put forward his diplomatic become the most ardent partisan of war, and his despatches to his own government decided the King of Prussia to take part in the coalition.

Such was the first act of Boatswain's political career, which had its share in producing one of the loveliest wars that has desolated Europe. On the remarkable, all minor actions of the part he bore in these great events, but nothing of the original originality and modesty of his character; and indeed it must be confessed that not long after this, his reputation, subject to the instability of all human affairs, began somewhat to diminish in the world. The Prince's passion for dogs became merged in one for horses, and he made a present of his old favorite to the well-known Beau Brummell. He sold it for three hundred guineas to the Duke of Richmond, the Duke for two hundred to the Marquis of Argyle, the Marquis for a hundred and fifty to Vaux of Moreland, and the Viscount for ninety to Lord Rous. It was evident that Boatswain was no longer held in due estimation. At last, however, he was so fortunate as to find a master who was worthy of him. Lord Ross gave him to a physician, who was also a fellow of the Royal Society. This new owner happened to be one of those critical men who hold animals in higher esteem than they do their fellow-creatures in general. He consequently established himself warmly in Boatswain, who quickly returned his affection. Before long, he gained sought permission to visit France, a person—not that Boatswain accorded only to literary men; for Bonaparte, with all his faults, at times made war against a canine. Not satisfied with this concession, the doctor also sought and obtained an interview with the Emperor at St. Cloud. Napoleon received his guest at his breakfast table, and as he supped his tea in chocolate, discussed divers scientific subjects, until their conversation was interrupted by a low and long-continued moaning at the door. Bonaparte rose to see from whence this noise proceeded.

"Sire," replied the doctor, who was, as we have said, an original, "it is only one of my friends who is at the door ; and as he is seldom absent from my side, he is compl aining after his own fashion."

"Well," replied the Emperor, graciously, "I shall be chartered at having the pleasure of making his acquaintance."

The door was accordingly opened, and Boatswain, with a thousand gambols, bounded towards his master ; but, as ill-luck would have it, in his joyous career, he overset a splendid vase of Sevres china, and shivered it to atoms. The agonized owner seized a chair, and was about to fling it at the dog ; but Napoleon calmly arrested him, saying, "Sir, the vase can easily be replaced, but surely a dog as this it would be hard to snatch ! Sire ! therefore I plead for his forgiveness."

The doctor did not require to be asked a second time to pardon his favorite ; and Boatswain, who seemed perfectly well aware of all that had passed, turned towards his protector with a sparkling and grateful eye. Bonaparte patted his head, and said, turning towards the doctor, "It is not often that one sees so grateful. What a pity it is that this lamb animal has not as good a memory as they !"

"Sire," replied the Englishman, "fondness is often forgotten as soon, and sooner even, as kindness."

"Ah !" said Napoleon, sadly ; "it is so ! Then, sir, thanks to you, this day has not been lost." Boatswain wagged his tail, as if to reply to the Emperor that he was not mistaken.

This terminated the audience. The doctor returned to his island home ; Bonaparte went forth as the head of his victorious armies ; but the former was not to be arrested in his triumphant career. In 1814, as is well-known, he was proscribed from the imperial throne, and sent to reside in the sea-girt prison of the island of Elba.

In the meantime our friend Boatswain was growing old in one of the suburbs of London. His master, the second, was dead, and the faithful animal had pre-ed, in turn, the rest of his property, into the hands of his heir. It is said that his present owner, on beginning to fail him, and he led the quiet, contemplative life of a philosopher, who has seen much, reflected much, and has gotten over his errors. Nor less we try to meddle with is the government of the universe, the former is inclined to be, both an economic reformers and others.

His quondam protector, Napoleon Bonaparte, was meanwhile busy, but if the same opinion. In his retreat, he was busily engaged in planning the means of re-entering France, and was, accordingly, ever now and then, closeted with one who witnessed the exile with which he attended. This was a person of the name of Lavalette, and the general early reminiscence of his demeanor, could have supposed him to be labouring with much anxiety of mind. In the rambles on the shore during the autumn interval, he encountered some of the officers of an English man-of-war, which was lying off the island. They rejoiced from one of his suite the intelligence of being a friend. He was also well witnessed the ease with which he attended to the wants of the gentlemen on board the deem, and the general easy ascendancy